

Certain
CONSIDERATIONS

Against the
 Vanities of this World, and The terrors of Death.

Written by Doctor John Hewit, and delivered to a Friend, a
 little before his death on *Tower Hill*,

June the 8. 1658.

*Go Pale-fac'd Paper, tell the World that I,
 Do die in Peace and perfect Charity.*



Why should Man fear to die,
 alas, when he
 That lives on earth is ne're from
 trouble free?
 Here's perfect Rest, and where
 else can we rest,
 Is not a mans own house, to sleep in best;
 If this be all our House, they are to blame,
 That build of the great Houses whence they came,
 And ever more their speech thus interlace,
 I, and my Fathers House, alas! alas!
 What is my Fathers House, and what am I?
 My Fathers House is earth, where I must lie:
 And I a worm, no man, that fit no room
 Till like a worm, I crawl into my Tomb;
 This is my dwelling, this my truest home,
 A House of Clay, best fits a Guest of Lome:
 Nay 'tis my House, for I perceive I have
 In all my life ne're dwell'd out of my grave;
 The womb was fit my grave, whence since I rose
 My Body (grave-like) doth my soul inclose:
 The Body, like a Corps with sheets ore spread,
 Dying each night lies buried in our bed,
 And when my days vain toyl, my soul hath wearied,
 I, in my Body, Bed, and House, lie buried,
 Then have I little cause to fear my Tomb,
 When this, wherein I live, my Graves become,
 Here I can sleep secure, here let the Temp' it rore,
 The worlds proud waves can dash on me no more,
 I am at home, and safe, what ever comes,
 Let them fish on, I cannot hear their Duns,
 Let those I always lov'd, me love, or hate,
 It cannot grieve me, though they prove ingrates,
 Yea, let them praise, or rail, I lie aloof
 Out of their reach, my sleep is Cannon-proof,
 And we but sleep, for as we close our eyes,
 Each night we go to bed, in hope to rise:
 So do we die, for when the Trump doth blow,
 We shall as if we awake we know:
 And as we after sleep, our bodies find

More fresh in strength, and cheerfully inclin'd,
 So after death, our flesh (here dead and dry'd)
 Shall rise Immortal, new, and purif'd:
 If this be true, my Friends, pray make more hast,
 'Tis time to sleep, day fails, night draws on fast:
 I must go home; for, as the evening Sun
 Looking me in the face, when day is done,
 Makes me cast long my shadow: So when death
 Starts in my face, threatens, and claims my breath,
 I cast his shadow long off from my sight,
 Yet truly know thereby, 'tis almost night,
 And when night comes, in dark, & frowning skies,
 What man will not go home, if he be wise:
 Here let him come, this house is of such fashion,
 The Tenant nere shall pay for Reparation.
 Here can the rain not wet me, cold not harm me,
 Here no Sun, no weather over-warm me:
 From hence Ile fade (when 'tother he is gone)
 A private walk to heaven, to God alone.
 This is my Port, this is my perfect cure,
 Till my Grave covers me, I am nere sure:
 Then farewell VVorld, thou Author of anoy,
 And welcome heav'n, the sum of all my Joys.
 What though too soon, a forced death I die,
 'Twill force me live with God eternally?
 My Faith, I hope, by most is understood
 To gain Redemption by my Saviours blood,
 VVhich in my soul, I do so highly prize,
 I pay, it Ransom all my enemies,
 Which freely (for my death) I have forgiven,
 As I do hope this day to be in heav'n.
 Lay not my blood unto their charge, but let's
 This Land with Peace and lasting Happiness.
 Welcome keen A X E shouldst no Coward try,
 But cutt my way un o Eternity.

*So let thy Servant depart in Peace, for mine
 eyes have seen thy salvation.*

FINIS.

So with much Constancy, and Resolution, he being Guarded to the Scaffold on *Tower Hill*: After a short
 Exhortation, Prayers, and some other Speeches to his Friends, he willingly yielded himself to the stroke of the
 Executioner, who at one blow, severed his Head from his Body.

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